

LAMPHERE CONFESSED MURDER-FARM SECRETS MINISTER DECLARES

"My Lips Are Sealed," Says Rev. E. A. Schell, "but I Advised Him to Tell the Prosecuting Attorney What He Told Me."

BALTIMORE, May 12.—That Ray Lamphere, charged with the burning of the Guinness home and the deaths of its occupants, near Laporte, Ind., made a statement connected with the case to Rev. E. A. Schell, of Laporte, was admitted by Mr. Schell to-day. The latter, however, who is pastor of the M. E. Church at Laporte, and a delegate to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference here, refused to divulge anything as to its nature.

"My lips are sealed," said Mr. Schell. "I got these things in the confessional. I found that the prosecuting officers were 'sweating' Lamphere and I appealed for fair play in his behalf. I said that he should be allowed to have a lawyer, and I told them so."

"But I advised Lamphere to tell the prosecuting attorney exactly what he told me, and I think he will do so. He seems to me to be a thoroughly penitent man."

"I received a message from Laporte this morning saying there was a confession by Lamphere. I was not at all flattered by the statement, but I was glad to hear that he was telling what he had said to me," continued Mr. Schell. "I replied that I could not, as what he told me was given in confidence and as a minister."

Speaking of Mrs. Guinness, Mr. Schell said he knew the woman very well and that her three dead children were members of his Sunday school. "About Mrs. Guinness," he said, "there was always something mysterious. She was a large, full-blooded woman and rather attractive." He added that when she came to the church at first she used to sit in the rear part, but for certain reasons was asked to a front seat when she came thereafter.

LAPORTE, Ind., May 12.—Following a secret conference to-day with Sheriff Smutser and Superintendent Smith, of the Pinkerton Agency, State's Attorney Smith announced that the greatest sensation yet developed in connection with the Guinness murder farm was the uncovered probably within a few hours. He added that it not only would settle the country, but clarify the mystery that has enshrouded the crimes of the Indiana Borghese.

As this statement was made Lawyer Worden, of counsel for Ray Lamphere, rushed a telegram to John R. Larson, a nephew of Mrs. Belle Guinness, who is in Chicago, to immediately start a search for the first wife of Philip Guinness, who divorced her first husband to marry Guinness.

The exceptional activity of the defense and the prosecution suggests that Lamphere is the central figure in the promised new sensation. The prosecution claims to have damaging admissions from Lamphere, and the person through whom it is declared they have come is none other than Rev. E. A. Schell, pastor of the First Methodist Church, who has visited the suspect almost daily in jail.

As these admissions practically amount to a confession of complicity in the murder of Andrew Helgelein, the lawyers for the prisoner this afternoon came out with an emphatic denial that Lamphere had said anything that would tend to involve him in the case.

Guinness's first wife. They also declare that they will prove he had nothing to do with burning the Guinness house. As a matter of fact, they have started out anew to combat the theory that Mrs. Guinness is dead. They hold she is still alive and that it was the corpse of the first wife of Guinness that was found in the fire ruins.

It was this that prompted them to send the telegram to Larson, in Chicago, to hunt for the woman. They say they will show that the woman was known to Mrs. Guinness and was lured to the murder farm to be slain. The prosecutor answered this by saying that a charred finger on which was a gold ring was that of Mrs. Guinness and a gold crowned tooth found in the ruins to-day was undoubtedly hers.

Took in Fire Debris. The tooth was found in the debris of the cellar while Sheriff Smutser was continuing his preparations to begin sluicing the ashes. The tooth is a hollow molar with a gold crown, the metal being indented and to some extent encrusted by cinders. The tooth, however, bears every evidence of having come from the incinerated skull of Mrs. Guinness.

Evidence which has been hitherto suppressed was made public in the Guinness tragedy to-day. It is contained in the report of Dr. J. L. Gray, who performed the autopsy on the body which the authorities have steadily claimed is that of Mrs. Belle Guinness. Dr. Gray in his report to the coroner's jury which were found upon the corpse and also reveals the fact that the right hand hitherto declared missing is still in existence.

The rings, which might be expected to reveal the identity of the case, two of them contain inscriptions: one being "P. S. to J. S. Aug. 22, '04," and the other "P. S. to J. S. Aug. 22, '05." Mrs. Guinness's husband was Peter Guinness, but the identity of "J. S." and "P. S." is a puzzle which none of the local officials would attempt to explain.

Dr. Gray in his official report also describes at length the remnants of

LIKENS STEWART TO HIS ARIZONA EXILE TO DREYFUS

Senator Rayner Says General Did Nothing to Warrant Action by Roosevelt.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—Senator Rayner, of Maryland, to-day spoke in the Senate on his resolution directing the appointment of a court of inquiry to investigate charges against Col. William F. Stewart, of the Coast Artillery, now in exile at Fort Grant, Ariz., by order of the President.

Mr. Rayner proceeded his remarks by declaring that he had no political purpose in his criticism of what the President had done in the case of Col. Stewart. "The President has made a mistake," he said, and added that that was the reason he was endeavoring to lay the matter before the Senate.

He reviewed the career of Col. Stewart and pictured the loneliness of Fort Grant, which he said was his "place of punishment." He read the order by which Col. Stewart was given twenty-four hours to leave from the army before his assignment to Fort Grant.

Saying a communication had been sent to Col. Stewart informing him that improvement would be made in the sanitary conditions of Fort Grant if he desired, Mr. Rayner added:

"The same sort of communication passed to Dreyfus, I think. 'The charges against Col. Stewart,' said Rayner, 'are frivolous and petty and do not in the slightest degree reflect on his character as a man, his honor as a citizen or his courage as a soldier. One of them is that he had temperamental infirmities.'"

"The President has come to the conclusion that Col. Stewart is a man who wants to have his own way," said Mr. Rayner, amid general laughter. Col. Stewart, he said, had his own ideas about his duty and did not propose to be interfered with in the performance of his duties.

YOUTH STABS HIS BROTHER.

Albert Fogel Resents Effort of Julius to Chase Him.

Julius Fogel, nineteen years old, to-day undertook to chase his sixteen-year-old brother Albert in their home, No. 14 West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street.

The younger boy in a passion drew a knife and stabbed his kinsman in the side, inflicting a dangerous wound. When the surgeon crawled under the elevator, he found that the lad's life was being instantly given up.

Murphy has been able to give no intelligible version of the happening and the police of the Alexander Hospital are investigating, although they say that they are convinced that the fatality was entirely the result of a quarrel and his wife are utterly prostrated.

AMAZING PART OF MODERN LIFE IS RUSH AND HURRY

No Time for Sufficient Exercise in Fresh Air to Maintain Health.

L. T. Cooper, the man who claims that stomach trouble is responsible for most ill health, is continuing to attract crowds of people.

Cooper is meeting the public at the Broadway and Ninth street store of the Riker Drug Company, where he is explaining his theories and introducing his medicine.

While commenting on New York life recently Cooper said: "The amazing part of modern life in this city is the rush and hurry. No one seems to have enough time. This very fact is responsible for much ill health. As I have said before, most people are half-digested."

The daily life of the average New Yorker is about as follows: After sleeping all night in a room with a low ceiling and poor ventilation, he dresses in a rush, bolts his breakfast and runs for a car. He rides downtown in this car with the air foul from over-breathing.

When he gets to his office, he has a hasty lunch and then back for the rest of the day in the same close quarters. When time to quit comes he piles into a car again, jammed in with others like him, and spends thirty minutes in the stifling atmosphere of a subway car.

He stuffs himself full of food, then other goes to the theatre, with more stuff to eat to get him through the night at home, sitting in an easy chair.

"How long do you suppose the human stomach will perform its functions properly under such conditions? Is it any wonder that most people are half-digested? The one organ you cannot ignore and still stay well is the stomach. I am successful simply because I have a medicine that regulates and tones up over-worked stomachs that no longer digest properly."

Among those who called on Cooper Monday afternoon was William J. Brown, of 22 West One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, who said: "For several years I have been generally run down in health. Physicians diagnosed my case as nervous indigestion. I could not eat and I was suffering from insomnia. I felt tired and discouraged all the time and had very little energy. I have two sisters who are also in poor health, their complaint being very much like mine. One of them, however, has had rheumatism. I now perfectly well although she had suffered for years without relief. I consider our experience very remarkable."

4-YEAR-OLD BOY FALLS TO DEATH FROM ELEVATOR

"Riding With Papa," Child Plunges Down Shaft From Car.

Escaping his mother's watchful eye late this afternoon, four-year-old Willie Murphy, Jr., of No. 294 East One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, toddled down the stairway of his home and made his way two doors east to visit his father, who runs an elevator there as an employee of the Van Kessel Revolving Door Company. The father was glad to see the little lad, but could not leave his post to take him back to the home.

Pleased as with a new toy, Willie rode with his father up and down in the elevator several times, and even helped control the lift.

On the way to the top of the building, six stories high, the child in some unexplained way toppled over when the machine gave a sudden lurch on the fourth or fifth trip, and his body slipped through an opening between the second and third floors. He fell to the concrete of the basement, with the frightened father unable to catch him.

When Murphy heard the impact of the child's body on the floor he nearly fainted and unconsciously sent the elevator upward with full power. Before he recovered himself the lift struck the safety devices at the top of the building, and these saved him from also suffering death.

Murphy hurriedly ran the elevator to the ground floor, but was too unnerved to descend into the shaft to see if his son still lived. An ambulance call was sent out and Dr. Seaman responded from the Lincoln Hospital.

When the surgeon crawled under the elevator, he found that the lad's life was being instantly given up. Murphy has been able to give no intelligible version of the happening and the police of the Alexander Hospital are investigating, although they say that they are convinced that the fatality was entirely the result of a quarrel and his wife are utterly prostrated.

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Eddie Dugan, who with Joe Notter shares the jockey honors here, had an ugly fall right after the finish line. He was passed in the third race, rolling over, stunned for a minute or two, with a crowd of paddock habitués gathered around him. The little fellow got to his feet and walked to the paddock. The hush that fell over the grand stand when the boy went down gave way to cheers and handclaps when it was seen that the popular little rider was unhurt.

The first of the race was the so-called blanket affair, four horses being crowded on the rail and each jockey fighting for the slightest advantage. Out of the bunch in the last few strides came Druid and Guy Burna to win, with the rest in a bunch. The finish line was marked by the finish line, which had been running prominently all the way, bumped into the fence, but Dugan rolled back flat against the rail. Jack Joyner was among the first to reach the boy, but it was only a matter of a minute before the boy was up and walking.

The judges placed Chantilly second behind Druid, with Saylor third.

Colloquy Right To-day.

Colloquy went through to-day. Last time out Colloquy got a usual work under her belt and to-day she was fit and ready. Explosion made all the early pace, trying all the stretch turn. Horace E. showed in front for a flash with Colloquy next. At this point Colloquy looked done for, but she came back and at the end won easily. Granddaddy was second by a narrow margin in front of Panofou. The books won heavily on the race, for thousands were bet on Horace E. All the paddock sharpers agreed that the Rainey trick looked a cinch.

SICK, HANGED HIMSELF.

Wife Finds Salseda's Body and Falls in a Faint.

Ill and out of work, Adam Klein, fifty-five years old, of No. 548 West Fifty-sixth street, until recently a car cleaner of the New York Central, sent his wife out early this morning for a physician and then proceeded to the roof. There he cut a clothesline, noosed one end around a chimney and the other to a chimney, went to the scuttle opening and jumped through. His neck was broken and he died instantly.

Mrs. Klein, returning, searching for her husband, climbed halfway up the scuttle and found his body and fell from the ladder in a faint.

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HUGHES REFUSES TO BE CANDIDATE FOR SECOND PLACE

Will Not Accept Nomination for Vice-Presidency, He Writes.

WOULD DECLINE OFFICE

Letter to General Woodford States Governor Wouldn't Serve if Elected.

Gov. Hughes to-day, through Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, who is managing his campaign, announced that under no circumstances would he permit the use of his name as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, if not given a place on the head of the ticket. In reply to a letter sent to him by Gen. Woodford, the Governor announced his position on the matter in a letter received to-day by Gen. Woodford, which was as follows:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, 'EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS,' ALBANY, May 11, 1908.

"My Dear Gen. Woodford: 'I find your letter of the 7th inst. awaiting me on my return to Albany. I have not said anything publicly regarding the Vice-Presidency, as the matter has not been broached to me in any way which seemed to require any action on my part. But I do not desire to have my silence misinterpreted, and you, as a delegate to the convention, are entitled to an unequivocal statement of my entire and sincere assumption as to my attitude.'

"I should not care to be thought lacking in courage and manliness in declining the office, but for reasons which are controlling and leave no room for discussion, I am unable to accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. And even were I elected I could not serve. With high regard, I am, faithfully yours,

"CHARLES E. HUGHES."

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"FATHER BILL" WELTS S. P. C. C. MAN WITH "PROP"

Turfman Daly Uses Wooden Leg With His Old-Time Dexterity.

"Father Bill" Daly, author of the treatise, "The Uses of the Bale-Stick in the Artistic Training and Development of Jockeys," has received calls from agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children many times in his long career as a horseman, but to-day he was the object of a visitation that, as he told Magistrate Voorhis in Coney Island court, was the last straw.

"Father Bill" carries weight for age and he limps, but every now and then comes a story of conflict in which he invariably finishes a winner. The late William Pinkerton dearly loved to tell of the time a big, bold burglar broke into the house of the "Old Man of the Turf" and was deprived of his pistol, Jimmy, dark lantern, mask, shoes and some silverware he had gathered in another residence. This is, of course, another story, but Daly exhibits the articles he took from the poor burglar, and it shows what manner of man "Father Bill" is.

The venerable turfman was worrying over a feed bill and was not in a good humor to-day when the agent for the S. P. C. C. called.

"I have a complaint against you," said the agent, a fat young man. "I understand you spanked your little girl, Ellen, last Sunday. Now, the law says—"

"Whorell are you?" interrupted "Father Bill." "And where do you come in to talk about my daughter Ellen, and what's the law got to do with it?" "Never mind who I am," said the agent. "The complaint has been made by your wife, and I'm here to let you know the law in the case."

They were in the dining-room of the Daly mansion, in East Thirtieth street, Sheephead Bay, but they did not treat his judgment as that of a child. He stood it for two years and then rebelled.

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himself around the agent, and, notwithstanding his yells, bore him through the hall, upon the porch and thence suddenly into the street.

"My wife complained, eh?" he said. "And to the likes of you! You come around here again and you won't leave with your whole hide."

But the agent, whose name is Fred Herkstrader did come again and with Policeman Manley, who took "Father Bill" to the Coney Island court.

He didn't give me a chance to tell him who I am," yelled the agent. "He choked me, he beat me, he kicked me—I am one mass of welts and bruises."

"And no wonder," put in the policeman. "He used his wooden leg, and he's an expert with it."

The agent said that Mrs. Daly complained that Father Bill had cruelly spanked eleven-year-old Kate. "You mustn't spank your daughter," said the Magistrate. "And you must listen to what they have to say. I'll hold you for examination."

COURT SEPARATES A SOCIETY COUPLE

Justice Carr, sitting in the Special Term of the Supreme Court at Minerva, granted a decree of separation to-day to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Kriener, who are well known in Long Island society circles and who have lived in a beautiful country place at Oyster Bay.

The decree was granted in consideration of a deed of reality to Mrs. Kriener which she will hold in lieu of alimony. The Krieners' summer home is called Bayview and is one of the best of Long Island. Their horses have for several years been prominent ribbon winners in Long Island horse shows.

According to the wife's side of the case, they were married Dec. 23, 1894. After July, 1907, Kriener gave his wife scarcely any money,